



Young Cafey Is the LAD.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

Printed in April, 1794.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky,
My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
My dear little Shelah I thought would run crazy,
When I trudg'd away with rough Corporal Casey.
I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking,
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
The devil go with him, I ne'er could be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.
We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely,
And who should the first be that dropt ?
why an't please ye,
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

